IRONTON. - - MISSOURI

THE ELDER'S SERMON. Our elder told us yesterday, we had not learned Until we learned how blessed 'tis to pardon and

forgive: The dear, sweet, precious words he spake like beavenly manna fell; The perfect peace they brought our hearts no buman words can tell.

I still kept shouting in my soul: "Amen, and let at come."

"When men forgive all other men, the year of Will dawn upon the world," he said. I said: "So let it be."

"So, love yo ar neighbor as yourself," he then begun again And Silas Fitz, across the aisle, he shouted out: "Amen! What right had be to yell: "Amen," low-toned, measly bound? Who took my cow, my new milch cow, and

locked her in the pound! lunkhead and a lout, Whose love and grace and heart and soul have

all been rusted out-To sit there in the sanctuary and holler out: Amen!" If I could choke the rascal once he'd never shout again!

the brute inside. Gave him a chunk of meat to eat, and he crawled off and died. He just crawled of and died right then. Says

No long legged simpleton like him can get the preached again.

I: "I'll let him see

About forgiveness charity and love of fellow I should have felt as if I basked in Henven's especial smile.

If that blamed villain, Silas Pitz, hadn't sat across the nisle. -S. W. Foss in Yankee Dlade.



came here," said Denis O'Hara, "I had

everything here 1 wanted-light, but still she would not let me see the views, climate and models. Our friend picture, always skillfully turning the Trenoweth introduced me to the place, easel so that the canvas was hidden gave me inestimable hints, and (no use whenever Jasper or myself entered shaking your head, Jasper; you shall the studio. We were never permitted not always hide your light under a to do so in working hours, but when bushel) in every way made me at daylight faded, and the well-known home and comfortable. We were much little tea-table was set out, we often together, for he was, or said he was, dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat interested in my work, and approved It was all so pleasant, so homelike. of my subject. Sometimes I painted out of doors, favored by the soft, gray bowls of flowers, its plants and books light, and equable climate for which and feminine trifles. I-I wonder this place is famous. Sometimes I how it is some women seem to lend inwould work in the studio, and often, dividuality to their surroundings. The taking pity on my loneliness. Treno- studio has never looked the same since weth would drop in here in the evenings, and we would talk-as he alone can make anyone talk. Altogether it The usual gayety and brightness of his was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening letter he had received from one of our fraternity asking to hire a studio for three months in order to complete a

clear; the signature at the end of the porte.' We discoursed and speculated about M. Delaporte. We wondered if nuisance-in fact, we talked a great arrival. Trenoweth saw to the arrangeas to trains, etc., and then left me to arrive by the evening train. I had been out all day, and when I came home, tired, cold and hungry, I saw weth was equally unsuccessful. lights in No. 2, and thought to myself: 'My fellow artist has arrived, then. Thinking it would be only civil to give him welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out: "Come in!" and, turning the handle, I found myself in the presence of-a woman! For a moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short stepladder, arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned, and, with the rich-hued stoffs forming a background for the pose of the most beautiful figure wom-



an could boast of faced me with as much ease and composure as-well, as I lacked. "Mr. Trenoweth?" she asked, in-

Her voice was one of those low, rice, contralto voices, so rare and beau-

again at the sketch in his hand. "But At last he roused himself. "There is cold in damp countries. truding."

very welcome.' 'I thought you were a man.'

lege.' she said. "But I am an artist, now taken the place of previous hopeand art takes no count of sex. I hope fulness. 'If it should fall,' she said to we shall be friends as well as neigh- me. 'Oh, you don't know what that bors."

"I echoed that wish heartily enough. Who would not in my place, and with a woman with so perfect a charm of love of art in one's nature.

The low-down, raw-boned, homely crank, a bim to rough it like the rest of us. I like a living voice, and seemed to de-One day his dog came by my house, I called the deed it seemed to me on that August her face buried in the cushions, her town and villages scattered along the name- Maurice! Maurice! Maurice! But oh that sermon-I would love to hear it all have felt that charm here, and it sacred in this grief. I-I could not in-

acknowledged that also.

why myself, and I agreed that the mis- that it was for some man's sake?" take was our own. M might stand for Mary, or Magdalen, or Marietta, just less steady, a little less cold. as well as for Maurice or Malcom or Mortimer. However, when he came down and saw M. Delaporte here, I heard no more about the disadvantages of sex. She was essentially a woman for companionship, cultured. brilliant, artist to her finger-tips, yet bolding a certain proud reserve be. as the days went on, and I at last made tween herself and ourselves, marking up my mind to go to London. Whether a line we dare not overstep. At the end of a month we knew little more about her than we did on that first evening. I opined that she was a the place all to widow, but no hint, however skillful, myself. I came no trap, however baited, could force in one of those her into confidence or self-betrayal. fits of enthusi- We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her asm at which name was Musette, she told me. Her you all laugh. mother had been a French woman; of I had deter- her father she neverspoke. She worked mined to do a great work, and I found very hard, often putting me to shame, The studio, with its draperies and its

> she left." He paused and laid down the sketch.

face was subdued and shadowed. "I-well, it's no good to dwell on it he strolled down here to show me a all now," he said, abruptly. "Of course I fell madly in love with her. Who could help it? I bet any of you fellows here would have done the same. I neglected work. I could only moon and dream and follow her about, when she let me, which I am bound to say simple, concise words only 'M. Dela- was not very often. I'm sure I used to bore Trenoweth considerably at that time, though he was very patient. And he was old or young, agreeable or the she was just the same always: calm. reverse; if he would be a bore, or a friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances uncondeal about him during the week that scious of what mischief her presence intervened between his letter and his had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. ments of the studio. It was No. 2 he I thought she avoided me; she never had agreed to let, and gave directions let me into the studio now, and I must confess I had a great curiosity to see welcome the newcomer, who was to the picture. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive were, however, arrested on the outme at the farmhouse. I believe Tren-

"At last I could stand it no longer. I

He glanced at Jasper Trenoweth, noble wife!" who silently held out his hand for the

For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eves of all were on the bent head and sad, grave face of the man who sat there before them, his thoughts apparently far away, so far that he seemed to have

not much more to add." he said, slow- "De good Lawd, He makes recomthen everything about her that says enough. Iv. "And all that Denis has said of pense. Po' pussy cat she got no hand, forces. He made a movement marvel- "The Army of the Potomac has occu-I'm not Mr. Trenoweth,' I said; 'I'm Musette Delaporte is true, and more but she fine it jest as easy to wash her one in its celerity, fell unexpectedly pied its old camp." only an artist living in the next studio. than true. She was one of those face wid her foots, all de same. only an artist fiving in the latter preach followed in which Jackson was de- part of September, 1864, when the val- the old man; "when I have nothing to "'Do not apoligize,' she said, frankly. little of her. She seemed restless, go as many ways at once as he kin.

"She laughed. I have not that privi- the penalty of enthusiasm had would mean. You don't know what I

have staked on it. "Still she never offered to show it to so charming a companion? There and me, and I would not presume to ask. I then I set to work to belp her to ar- kept away for several days, thinking range her studio and fix her easel. The she was best undisturbed. All artists picture seemed very large, to judge have gone through that phase of exfrom the canvas, but she would not let perience which she was undergoing. It me see it then. I forgot fatigue, hun- is scarcely possible to avoid it, if, inger, everything. I thought I never met deed, one has any appreciation for or

manner-the ease and grace and dig- "At last one day I walked down to nity of perfect breeding, yet withal a the studio. I knocked at the door. "Love brings millennial peace," he said: and frank and gracious cordiality that was There was no answer. I turned the as winning as it was resistless. But handle and entered. In the full light there-what use to say all this! Only of the sunset, as it streamed through when I once begin to talk of Musette the window, stood the easel, covered Delaporte I feel I could go on forever. no longer, and facing me, as I paused "That was a memorable evening, on the threshold, was the picture. I When the studio was arranged to her stood there too amazed to speak or satisfaction she made me some tea move. It was magnificent. If I had with a little spirit lamp arrangement | not known that only a woman's hand she had, and then we locked up the had converted that canvas into a living. room and I took her through the little breathing history I could not have village to try and find lodgings. Of believed it. There was nothing crude course, Jasper and I, having decided or weak or feminine about it. The M. Delaporte was a man, had expected power and force of genius spoke out could not let her stay in Trenewlyn | mand the homage it so grandly chalitself, but took her up the hillside to a lenged Suddenly I became aware of farmhouse, where I felt certain they a sound in the stillness-the low. would accommodate her. She was in stifled sobbing of a woman. I saw her raptures with the place, and I agreed then, thrown face downwards on the with her that it was a paradise, as in. | couch at the farthest end of the room, night. I remember the moon shining whole frame trembling and convulsed over the bay, the fleet of boats stand. with a passion of grief. 'Oh, Maurice.' ing out to sea the lights from the she soboed, and then again only that

coast, or amidst the sloping hills. 1 "I closed the door softly, and went did not wonder she was charmed: we away. There seemed to me something doesn't lessen with time; we all have trude on it. She was so near to fame. She held so great a gift, and yet she "But I must hurry on When Treno- lay weeping her heart out yonder, like weth heard of the new artist's sex he the weakest and most foolish of her was rather put out. I could not see sex. for-well, what could I think, but He pansed his voice seemed a little

"On the morrow," he said, abruptly "she was gone, leaving a note of farewell, and-and thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange, too, how much I missed her and Denis. The loneliness and with all her beauty and fascination quiet of my life grew more than lonely



"OH, MAURICE." SHE SOBRED.

day means for them. I-well, I was ride of Staunton or Waynesboro. giving it fame.

"I turned away at last. My steps skirts of the crowd by sight of a woman whose figure seemed strangely famil- The war found it an ideal pastoral iar. Her face was veiled and somewhat country, of rich and beautiful farms, spoke out and told her the whole truth. sverted but I knew well enough that of wealthy and aristocratic families, Of course," and he laughed somewhat pose of the beautiful head, that coil of bitterly. "It was no use. If she had gold brown bair, just lifted from the valed that in older lands. It was the been my mother or my sister she could | white neck. She-she did not see me granary and storehouse of the confednot have been more serenely gracious. as for a moment I lingered there. Then eracy. The war left it a bare, blackmore pitiful or more surprised. I-I I noticed she was not alone. Leaning had made a fool of myself, as we men on her arm was a man, his face pale call it, and all to no purpose. It was and worn, as if by long suffering, his maddening, but I knew it was hope- frame bent and crippled. As his eyes less. I had almost known it before my caught the picture I saw the sudden desperate confession. I couldn't bear light and wonder that leaped into his to see her again. I felt I hated the his face. I saw, too, the glory of love place, it was so full of memories. So, and tenderness in hers. I drew nearer: suddenly, without a word to Treno- the man was speaking: 'How could weth or herself. I packed up my traps | you do it?" he said, "how could you?" and started off on a sketching tour 'Oh, Maurice, forgive me,' said that through Cornwall. When I came back, low, remembered voice. 'Dearest, are the studio was closed, and Trenoweth we not one in heart and soul and name? had gone away. The man left in charge, I only finished what you had so well studio, as if to her it was peopled with plan, the thought, the detail—all were are laden with flowers again. life, and form, and color. 'I-I was yours; only my poor weak hand fancying myself at the academy,' she worked when yours was helpless.'

"And she was married all the time." said Denis, plaintively. "She might have told us!" Jasper Trenoweth was silent - The

Strand.

I—I came to see it mr. Delaporte in large to see it mr. Delaporte After Denis left so abruptly I saw very "My bes' dog's got fo' laigs; but I kin sharpest fighting on both sides that the hostile forces, and blackened and tem-"Do not apoligize, she said, frankly.

"An don't you forgit it! A hen will Jackson returned to Mount Jackson Sheridan, in force, once more moved mentally)—"Let us drop a tear for the port welcome."

"An don't you forgit it! A hen will Jackson returned to Mount Jackson Sheridan, in force, once more moved mentally)—"Let us drop a tear for the port was absorbed in the completion of hatch du k sigs, but a whole army and Banks came down to Edinburg. Forward. Then came the noted battles poor blind man." She (practically) and dissatisfaction which is ever ducks in swimmin' "-Puck.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

A Region Rich in Historic and Seenic Interest.

The Early Fighting Ground of the Federal and Confederate Armies-Incidents Recalled by a Visit to Various

Far-Famed Points.

[Special Letter.] Long before the Chesapeake & Ohio Cook and Averill under Sigel in the va- again for each the fields of defeat. rious moves on Saltville, Wytheville and the bridge over the New river, on ment on both sides of the valley al-

road. noted battlefields are under the eye.



RIVER SCENERY NEAR GAULEY BRIDGE, C. & O. RAILWAY.

so successful was this great southern soldier that at the north the Shenandoah was called the "Valley of Humiliation." And so it remained until Sheridan swept it with the resistless storm from the breath of a cyclone and final- nandonh. ly wresting it from confederate control and making a successful campaign against Lee's army a possibility.

Aside from the interest with which war history clothes this valley. its natural beauties make a ride through it, from Natural bridge, to Harrisburg, Pa., one of the most attractive in any land. While the valley, under the name of Shenandoah, exstill run northward to the Susquehanna. The valley north of the Potonot only rich, but notable for its stirring battle-history, as Chambersburg, Antietam and the movements before and after Gettysburg attest

As part of the natural attractions. the Luray caves and the Natural by chance or purpose I found myself | bridge have a world-wide reputation. there on the day the academy opened and are properly classed among its All who are artists know what that wonders. Both are within a short

artist enough to feel the interest of art | But to the veteran, these will hold triumphs, and the sorrow of its fail- secondary place beside the various batures. I went where half London was tiefields with which these valleys are thronging, and mingled with the thickly dotted. Every foot south of crowd, artistic, critical and curious, the Potomac was fighting ground; who were gathered in the academy gal- every town was at some time the headleries. I passed into the first room. I quarters of well-known forces; nearly noticed how the crowd surged and every farmhouse was a hospital, and AN EPISODE OF SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN. pushed and thronged around one pic- some of the dead and wounded of the thre there, and I heard murmurs of many contests had fallen on every praise and wonder from scores of lips acre. On the union side Framont and as I, too, tried to get sight of what Sigel, Milroy and Shields, Hunter and seemed to them so marvelous and at- Banks. Kelley and Cook. Wilson and tractive. At last a break in the throng Sheridan and others of note had there favored me. I looked over the heads met Jackson, Ewell, Early, Stewart, of some dozen people in front of the Ashby and the advance of Lee in picture, and I saw-the picture I had force. There were innumerable small gazed at in such wonder and delight in affairs, and many extended and fierce the studio of Musette Delaporte! De- engagements. Columns in advance line, and already its praises were there through every year of the war; sounding, and the severest critics as while every gap opening eastward well as the most eager enthusiasts were poured its footmen and its horsemen upon the flanks, first of the one army and then of the other.

From the opening of the contest till its close it was the vortex of strategy. where life in its ease and sunshine ri-



said to me, as I asked her at what she "I was so close I heard every word line of the Chesapeake & Ohio reach ing of the valley. The veterans will spin cobwebs."-Harper's Young Peowas gazing, 'at the academy, and my -so close that I saw him bend and kiss the more noted buttlefields, and the clearly remember how the Army of picture on the line ' I do not know if in reverence the hand that she had points of famous strategic interest in the Shenandoah was constituted: Three she ever attained her ambition," he called poor and weak-so close that I the inverse order of dates. Thus it divisions of the Ninth corps, part of ter that he suddenly started to help of the Potourac. Lowell's cavalry brig-Beauregard at Bull Run.

opened in March, 1862, Jackson was army led by Sheridan. month, and forced Jackson back however, he was compelled to with-"Men that stays at home don't add through Winchester, Kernstown and draw from Strasburg to Harper's forgotten his promise to finish the much to their knowledge. It's only de Strasburg to Mount Jackson west of Ferry, thus repeating the move which His cwn voice trembled; he glanced story which Denis O'Hara had begun. traveler dat l'arns as how crabs ketch Luray. From this point he moved suddealy to recover Winchester, under as the routine statement in the cur- got into the carriage to go home he remistaken information as to the union rent dispatches after many battles: marked that he had never preached upon Shields at Kernstown and a bat- But there came a time in the latter preach louder." "That's it," responded war had developed up to that time. porarily blasted by the breath of war. very welcome.

To you? I said, somewhat foolishly. her picture, and that unrest can't coax dat hen to take de young Next came Jackson's blow from Port of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Tom's Republic at Milroy, near McDowell Brook and Cedar Creek. The valley Blade.

ing his plan of clearing the valley, and in his returning to Strasburg.

On the 20th of May, Jackson, joined by Ewell started north from New Market to attack Banks entrenched at finally gained complete control of the Strasburg. Every town is marked with Shenandoah. Thence he moved souththe history of that campaign, and the veterans who visit them will recall the James river canal and cutting various stirring scenes that filled the valley lines of railroad, on the 19th of March through all the years of the war with every species of excitement which batenters the Shenandoah valley from the tle and campaign can give-the elation Five Forks. west, the veterans who travel on it are of victory and the depression of defeat. upon their early fighting ground. At And this is true of every station which many turns the road comes upon the the trains pass, for each was at times lines of Gen. Cox in the Kanawha, of the theater of alternating success, and At this period, the celerity of move

what was then the Virginia Central most rivaled the trains which hourly rush through it. Banks fell back to While running down to Staunton the Potomac, Jackson attacked Charlesboth the natural beauties of the far- ton, took it, and pushed on to Harper's famed valley and some of its most Ferry. Next came fifteen thousand men from McDowell at Fredericks-In a military sense the valley was a burg, through Manassas Gap, whose vast covered way through which whole | mission was to "bag Jackson." The armies with their trains and equipment latter withdrew in great haste to could move on the flanks of the hosts Strasburg. It was a race to save his fore Bull Run to hold Johnston contending on the plains of Virginia army. Fremont was closing in from to the eastward. Thus Jackson, Ewald the west, Shields from the east and and La-ly used it. From it the rangers McDowell waited at Front Royal to of Ashby and Mosby dashed out from seize his prey. There was immense their cover. Through it Lee twice in- stir and activity on all sides, but Jackvaded the north Stonewall Jackson son won, and reached the upper valley was its southern Sheridan, driving Fre- unscathed. Over every step of this admont. Banks and others out of it. And vance and retreat, the blood of the union veteran who looks upon the familiar places will run fast under the quickening of memory.

Port Republic, Cross Keys and Harrisonburg are close to Staunton and Waynesboro. There were hot battles near the latter place. At Port Republic. Jackson fell upon Shields and avenged Kernstown. At Cross Keys he defeated Fremont. Both were famous engagements. He captured the union garrison at Front Royal, and drove Banks across the Potomac.

These were stirring months-the three which made up the spring of 1862. They ended Jackson's operations for the time in the valley. He suddenly and secretly withdrew and astonished McClellan by appearing on his An Exciting Struggle with a Stormy flank at Cold Harbor.

From these most general statements. will be seen that there was no other surf-boat adventure in which he parspot during the early periods of the ticipated off the coast of Formosa, war where movement and fighting was where it had become necessary to make

began to witness campaigns on a great-

er scale In September, there came Lee's first invasion of Maryland, and while his columns moved along east of the Blue Ridge, the valley was alive with supply trains, and all the varied accompaniments of a great army's advance. Through the valley be soon after retends only to the Potomac at Harper's treated from his defeat at Antietam. Ferry and Martinsburg, the ranges and in it he gave his army rest and rewhich bound it on the east and west plenished his stores. The next year, after defeating Hooker at Chancellorsmace changes its name to Cumberland. ley marched north to Gettysburg. Like the region south of the river, it is Through it, he came back with his



shattered columns and pitched his camp for recuperation along the Opequon. When 1864 opened it had been decided that no campaign against Richmond or Gen. Lee's army could be successful unless the Shenandoah could be cleared of confederate troops and firmly held by the union forces. Gen. Hunter succeeded Sigel in May

of that year. He moved with great servedly honored, it hung there on the and in retreat ebbed and flowed energy and came to battle close along the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio at Pledmont, near to both Staunton and Waynesboro. Thence he pushed south to Lexington, and fought his way to the entrepchments around Lynchburg. Here Early, from Lee's army, by a rapid march via Trevilian station. further to the eastward on the Chesapeake & Ohio, had joined Breckintreat, and eluding these forces, instead vailey which would have exposed him to the dangers of movements in his first rested at White Sulphur, directly on the Chesapeake & Ohio, and then ship.-Youth's Companion. moved along its line to Gauley bridge. Thence Hunter finally reached the Chio river, and thence by boat and rail was transported to the Potomac valley again. When he reached Cum erland, on the Baltimore & Ohio, Early, who, when Hunter ancovered the valley by his westward march, had pushed down to the Potomac, invaded Maryland, ened and blasted region, its homes de- and was well on his way to Washingand who made the arrangements for begun. You were so ill and helpless, stroyed, its farms desolated, and its ton. Then followed the tremendous letting them, told me that a new rule and when yow went into the hospital, able-bodied population decimated in sensation of the Eagly attack upon had been made by the landlord. They oh, the days were so long and so empty. the field. But it has fully recovered and final repulse from in front of the were never to be let to women artists. I meant to tell you, but when it was again. Grass and grain have woven capital by Gen. Wright's corps from That is all my part of the story. This finished I had not the courage, so I just nature's beautiful covering over all Petersburg and part of the Nineteenth sire you will write no more poetry, this sketch is only the figure 1 re- sent it, signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. scars of battle, and the countless miles corps from Hampton Roads. There madam." member. She was standing once just | I-1 never dured to hope it would be ac- of parapets are green each year with are thousands of western veterans who like that, looking at the wall of the cepted. After all, what did I do? The verdure, and the fields and orchards will and the valley full of reminders of humored lady. these stirring events.

The connecting trains waich run Next came the great union move in

west of Stannton. It was a sharp af- was cleared southward to the line of fair, and resulted in Banks' abandon- the Chesapeake & Ohio road. Early

established headquarters at Staunton. On the 2d of March, 1865, by the victory of Waynesboro, directly on the Chesareake & Ohio road, Sheridan ward to Lynchburg, destroying the reached White House, and on the 1st of April he was turning Lee's flank at

the countless matters and the innumerable points of absorbing interest in the Shenandoah. The veterans who served there will readily fill in the pictures with their personal experiences of battles, camps and marches. Such of them as wish to visit Antietam and Gettysburg will find the interest increasing every step after crossing the Potomac. Antietam is just over the river, and it is but a few

Thus, in outlines only, are recalled

hours' ride to Gettysburg. Through the Cumberland valley, which is a continuation of the Shenandoah, Gen. Patterson came down bein check. With him came Col. Thomas, afterwards commander of the Army of the Cumberland, to his first battle at Falling Waters. Under this leader, as a private soldier, served Samuel J. Randall, afterwards the democratic statesman, then a private cavalry soldier-the first man to writ Thomas. The burnt section is stil visible at Chambersburg; and there is the monument to the first soldier killed in the defense of northern soil.

All these great chapters in our war history, which the veterans are coming to live through again, make up but one of the side trips which the Chesapeake & Ohio affords for easy visit to the farfamed theaters of eastern fighting. Passing east from the Shenandoah,

the line crosses the Blue Ridge and enters upon the great fields of eastern go to worship?" Young Man-"I'm on Virginia. H. V. BOYNTON.

ACROSS THE REEF.

The author of "A Cruise in an Opium and space does not admit of details, it Clipper" entertains his readers with a of his troopers, leaving it bare as if so sharp and constant as on the She- a landing in a new and dangerous place. Another man - Nealance and With the autumn of 1862, the valley himself vere to accompany the captain. and take what soundings they could as they went through the surf. One end of a long, light manilla line was passed into the surf-boat and made fast, so that those who were left behind could draw the boat quickly back again in case of any disaster.

Each of us had a loose life line made fast to his person, loose enough to let us get from under the boat in the event | sending them west to fight Indians." of a capsize, but still attaching us to Western Man-"Did you ever meet any the boat, so that when it was hanled Indian fighters?" "No. Why?" "Nothback we should be brought back also, ing. Only most of them can't read."though probably half drowned.

Everything being ready, the steersman carefully counted the rollers, beginning with the heaviest one. When the twenty-seventh-the heaviest-had passed, he gave the signal, and we shot into the next one. Its white, hissing top covered us fore and aft, and for a second the boat was thrown into an almost vertical position. Then she came down with a thud that would have stove any lighter-built craft. As she touched the crest of the wave,

the six oarsmen let go their oars, which for a second hung well secured alongside. Then, the crest being passed, in a twinkling each oar was bent in earnest to send her through the next wave. Getting soundings here was no joke. When the boat was in her vertical position on the crest of the wave, it took me all my time to hold on; and when she was down in the hollow, I coul barely get one cast before I was again carried skyward

About half-way across we met the teeth hard, and grasped my hold tightly, as I gazed on the gigantic, white, with the heterogeneous crowd that was thundering mass. Completely swamped standing on the platform without atin it, the boat was yet carried aloft so tracting particular notice. high that for a second I imagined a just saved being somersaulted by the some Italian music. skin of our teeth.'

As we recovered from the shock and fell into the hollow. I perceived a grin sat beside the furthermost one, who was of satisfaction on the dark visage of evidently her escort.

our steer-oarsman. The men pulled with new energy, and we reached the extremity of the died away, and suddenly the perhaps ridge. Hunter then began a rapid re- broken water just in time to ride safe- less classic but more modern tune of of attempting to withdraw down the before it curled its crest to fall upon the rocky reef. Then we pulled a little away from the reef, laid in our rear from Lee's forces, struck directly oars and let go the anchor, to give us westward for the Kanawha valley. He all a rest and a breath before we started on our perilous journey back to the

The Cause of Cobwebs.

The celebrated English poet Dryden had a wife who was ambitions to write poetry as well as her husband. So she shut herself up in her apartments to compose verses. Sad to say, the servants took advantage of her absence to neglect their work, and Dryden was mortified to be obliged to receive his friends in a room which plainly showed their carelessness.

"Mrs Dryden," called he, in a rage, after the gentlemen had gone, "I de-"Why so, my dear?" asked the good-

"Because," cried he, "I notice whenever we both write poetry at the same northward through the valley from the overwhelming force for the final clear-

-An Amended Opinion .- "They say added. "I have never seen or heard of heard the low-breathed murmur from was from Harper's Ferry that John- the Nineteenth, two divisions of that Litehead is quite a crank, half his lips: "God bless and reward you, my ston, early in 1861, began to maneuver Crook's Army of West Virginia, Tor- crazy, in fact." "No doubt of it." "I to check Patterson, and from Winches- bett's cavalry division from the Army heard him speaking very highly of of the Potourac, Lowell's cavalry brig-ade, Averill's, Duffie's and J. H. Wil-add when you interrupted me that When the campaigns in the valley son's cavalry commands-a splendid some people may think Litchead a little off in some things, but to me he not virtually in independent command. The season brought the great en- only appears perfectly rational, but a Banks advanced the first week of that gagements under this leader. First, long way ahead of some of his critics in intellectual ability."-N. Y. Press.

> -The elder Beecher had been preachsuch a poor sermon before. "Why, father." said Henry, " I never heard you

-A Practical Charity.-Ile (senti-"No; let's drop a dime." - Yankee

PITH AND POINT.

-Some men give a train of thought too light a load for smooth running.

Columbus Post. -No matter how small the scandal there's always enough of it to go

around.-Elmira Gazette. -Some of those born great appear to be trying very earnestly nowadays to

live it down.-Indianapolis Journal. - "What did you get for your birthday?" "A watch-chain." Where is it? Let's see it." "Can't. It's with the watch."-Jewelers' Circular.

-Marriage seems never so much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he can't possibly blame on his wife.-Atchison Globe. -Charlie (who has stayed late)-'Oh, Miss De Freeze, I've an idea."

Miss De Freeze-"Well, an idea is not

much good unless you carry it out." He took the hint and his hat. - Yonkers Statesman. -Were it not for the escape valve of sizing up our acquaintances behind their backs, all the police and all the armies that ever were or will be would

not be ample to keep the peace.-Boston Transcript -Didn't Suit Her.-Briggs-"I see that Granby had to send back the marble statue of his wife that he ordered." Griggs-"Why? Didn't she like it?" Briggs-"No; she wanted one made wearing a sealskin cloak."-Cloak Re-

-Phrenologist-"Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry." Visitor-"I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me. Don't

bear on it so hard."-Tid-Bits. -Deacon Jones (solemnly)-"My young friend, do you attend a place of worship?" Young Man-"Yes, sir, regularly, every Sunday night." Deacon Jones-"Pray tell me where you my way to see her now."-Demorest's

Magazine. -Moved the City.-Stranger- 'Why. I thought "Gither City" was located here?" Native-"Well, stranger, it was located here, but last week news came that a railroad was goin' to come along eight miles north, so the whole city moved over to be on the line."-N. Y. Herald.

-Servant (to professor who is very busy with an experiment)-"Excuse me, professor, but I take the liberty of calling your attention to the fact that it was twenty-five years ago, from this day, that I entered your service." Professor-"But, my dear man, must this be just to-day?"-Fliegende Blatter

-Literature Didn't Start Them .-Eastern Man-"Yes, sir, it's a shame the way this sensational juvenile literature is turning the heads of boys, and

Street & Smith's Good News. -The Proper Size.-Student-"We want badges for our graduating class. We have adopted as a design a graduate surveying the universe." Jeweler-"About how large would you like the figures?" Student-"I think the gradnate should cover about three-fourths of the badge and the universe the remainder."-Jewelers' Weekly.

-That Made a Difference.-Twynn-"I wish you would lend me five dollars, Triplett. I want to go out of town?" Triplett-"Here it is. Are you going to be gone long?" Twynn-"No, Fil be back to-morrow. Triplett (replacing the bank note in his pocket)-"On second thought I find I shall need it

FUN ON AN "L" TRAIN.

A Carful of Passengers Kept Roaring with When the 2:30 a. m. train on the Sixth avenue elevated road reached Park twenty-seventh sea again. I shut my place the other morning a man carrying a covered harp boarded the train

Just as the train started he put his somersault was to end our voyage of hands under the cloth that covered his discovery. As the captain said: "We instrument and began to play softly Two other men were seated on his

right, and the only woman on the train

When the train reached Grant street the soft strains of "Martha" gradually ly over the next twenty-seventh sea "Mary and John" smote the ears of the passengers. The catchy air soon proved that it had not yet lost its popularity among a certain class of belated and hilarious young men who were near the player, for several of them began to accompany him, thus reversing the order of things somewhat

A few seconds later a female voice. strong and clear, broke in and was distinctly heard above the more voluminous but less strident voices of the young men.

All the passengers forthwith craped their necks to look at the woman, who did not not seem to be of the kind that would join such an improvised concert in such a place. Everybody laughed except the woman, who blushed a crimson red. No one could see her line move, and as it happened-perhaps for the first time in her life-her mouth was closed. She was evidently greatly embarrassed and turned from her escort to the crowd of astonished passengers and finally looked under her seat.

All sorts of exclamations of astonishment went forth "She's a mighty good ventriloquist." one said.

"I'll bet she's got a whistle in her month," another exclaimed. The passengers were now all rearing

with laughter. "Fourteenth street" called the on ductor. The woman got up. "John," she said, almost hysterically, "I am not go-

ing to stand this any longer. Let's get out. Come!" John went. When they were out of sight the fe-

male voice was still treating the crowd to a rather risque dialogue between Mary and John.

An investigation was set on foot, when it was discovered that the harpist, whom laying his head nonchalantly on the left side of his harp, as lazy Italians are wont to do, was imitating a female voice so perfectly as to completely de-

ceive every body. Another outburst of laughter followed, when the harpist lazity and unconcernedly got up and left the train at Eighteenth street, apparently maware of the fun he had been making at the woman's expense. - N. Y. Herald.